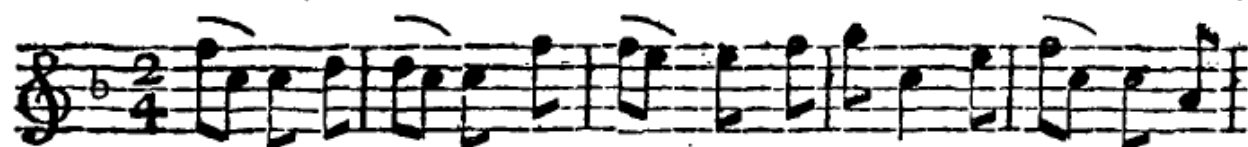
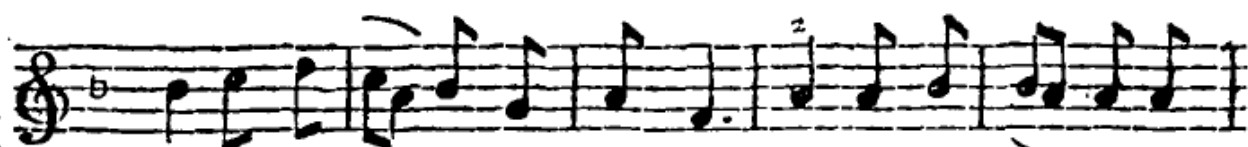


C A T C H. A. 3. *Voc.*

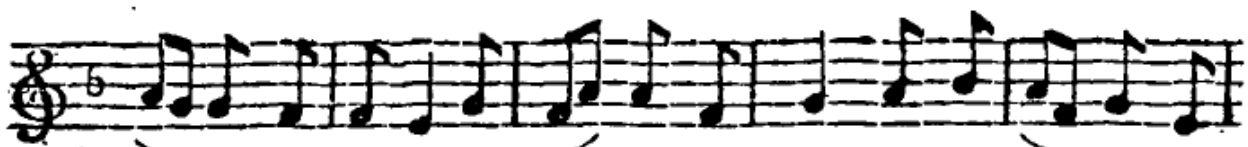
Dr. Hayes.



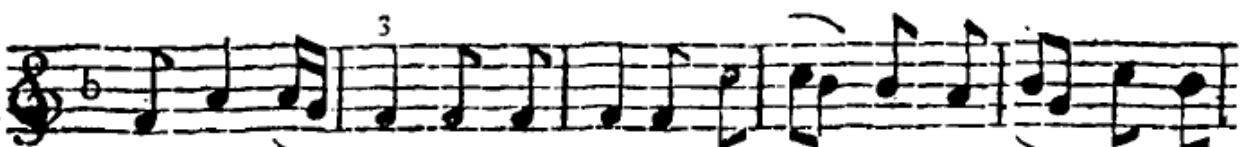
Phillis, my fair-est, how can you de-ny me! So constant a



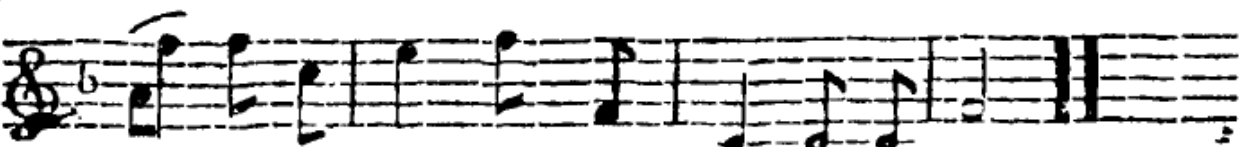
lo-ver sure ne-ver came nigh thee; Constant in love, e-ver



faithful in du-ty, Bewitch'd by thy charms, and en-slav'd by thy



beauty. Nay such is thy power, I vow and de-clare, That I'm



rais'd up to heav'n, or plung'd down to de-spair.

CATCH. A. 3. *Voc.*

Dr. Hayes.

A—like in temper, and in life, A drunken, husband,
Scottish wife, A drunken husband, A drunken
husband, Scot-tish wife; She a scold, a bul-ly he, She a scold, a
bul-ly he, She a scold, a bul-ly he, She a
scold, a bul-ly he. The duce is in't, they don't a-gree,
The duce is in't, they dont a-gree, The duce is
in't, they don't a-gree, The duce is in't, they don't a-gree.

C A N O N. *Three in One.*

Dr. Hayes.

The musical score is written for two staves in 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. It contains three measures of music. The first measure has a double bar line with a repeat sign. The second measure has a double bar line with a repeat sign. The third measure has a double bar line with a repeat sign. The lyrics "Tipple away, tipple a-way, This is my granum's wedding day," are written below the first staff. The second staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. It contains two measures of music. The first measure has a double bar line with a repeat sign. The second measure has a double bar line with a repeat sign. The lyrics "fa, la, la, la, la, la, la." are written below the second staff.

Tipple away, tipple a-way, This is my granum's wedding day,

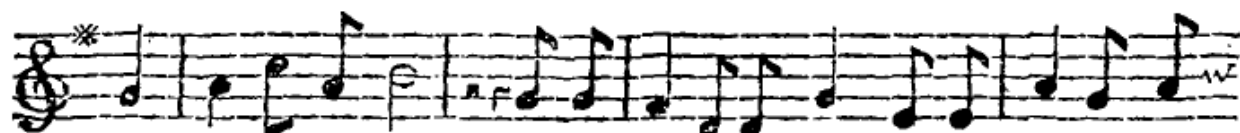
fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

CANON. *Three in One.*

Dr. Hayes.



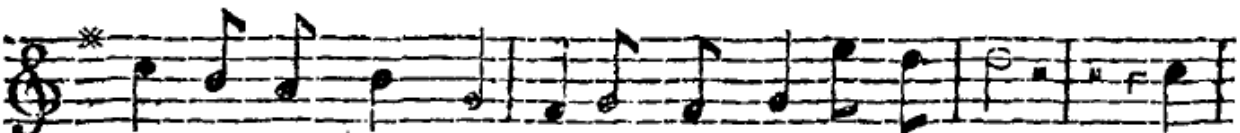
Come fol-low me To the greenwood tree, Where the well-ton'd horn



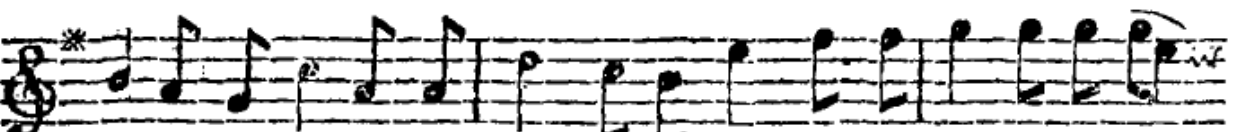
Sounds sweet in the morn, While the stag is in view, And the hunters pur-



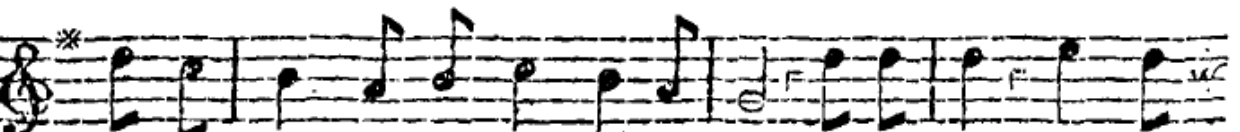
sue With a tal--lihoo, And our horses dart fire from their eyes; O'er



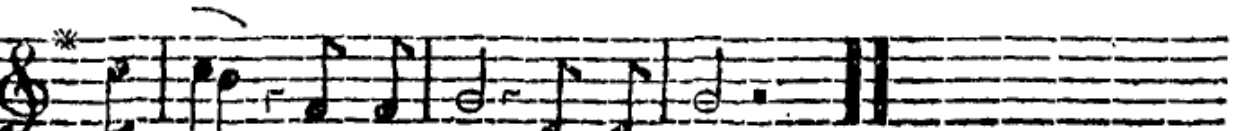
hills and o'er dales, Their ardour, their ardour pre--vails; What



concert can vie With the hounds in full cry, Whilst we hollow And fol-



low The game 'till it pants, 'till it dies, 'till it pants, pants, 'till



it pants, 'till it dies, 'till it dies.